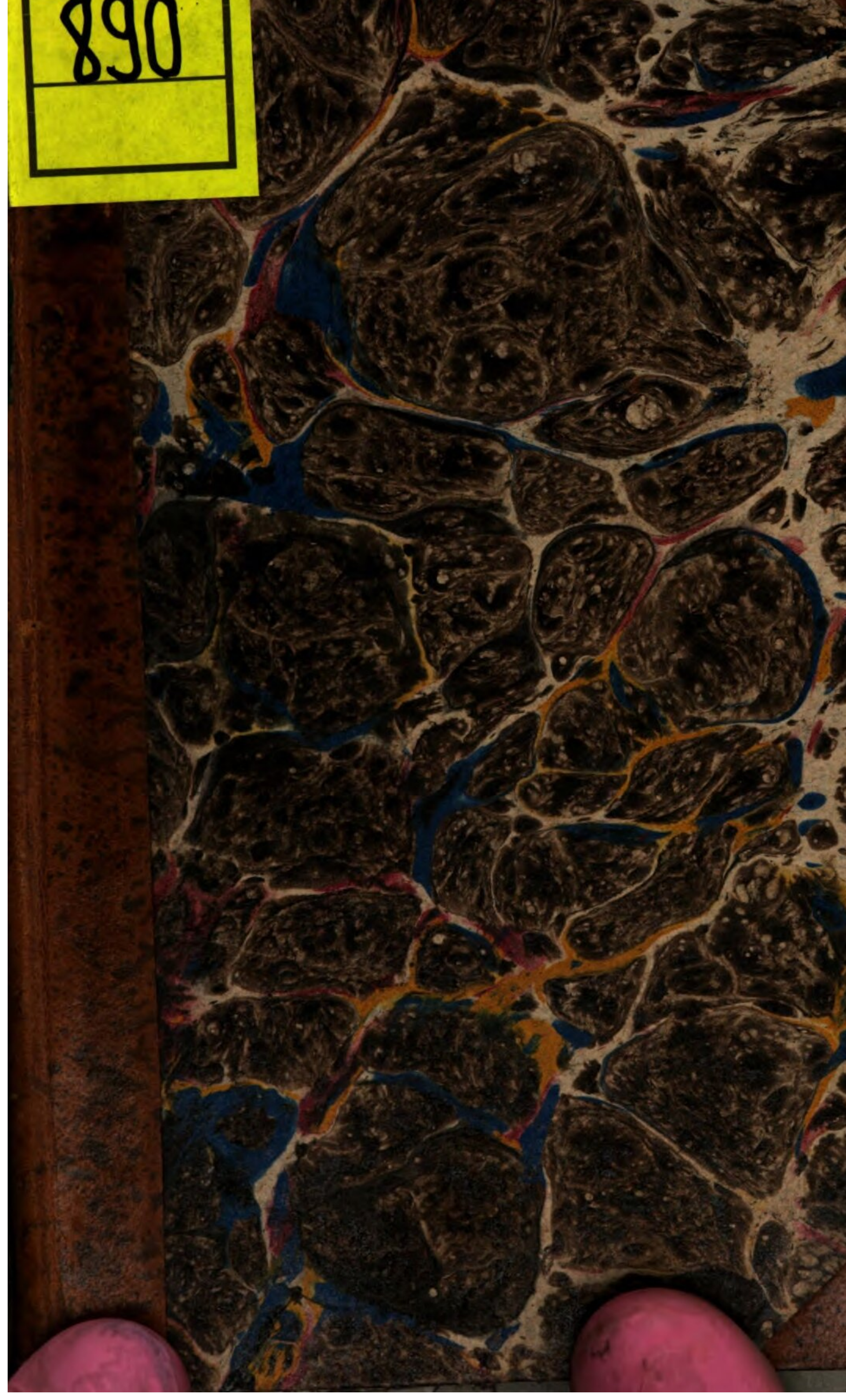


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THE
Paradise
OF
Castle
By Alexander Thomson, esq.



Hope not to enter here, ye impious men
Who slight the graces that from heav'n descend;
Ye cold, unfeeling pedants - ye who deem
That love and friendship are romantic names!
..... ye are all
Shut out for ever..... &c.

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PARADISE OF TASTE.

CANTO I.

THE VISION.

Thus let me live in undisturb'd repose,
Remote from all that passion's flame supplies,
Till death at last the quiet scene shall close,
And call my spirit to her native skies, ¹

IN all the luxury of studious ease,
Thus had I past the solitary day;
But when the Day was gone, and Twilight pale
O'er Nature's face her veil of dimness threw,
I left to wander thro' the Fields of Taste,
And sat me down to meditate awhile—
Inward I turn'd my eyes; and all the scenes
That I had seen of wonder and delight
In bright confusion floated thro' my mind.
While thus I mus'd, a spark on Fancy fell,
And kindled instant in my plastic soul
The sacred flame of enterprizing zeal
And wild poetic ardour—Oh! what might, ²
My Rapture cried, with such an ample range
Of fair ideas and resplendent forms,

¹ The poet's reflection after perusing his favourite classic authors.

² What might,
Worthy Sebastian—Oh, what might!—no more.

SHAKESPEAR'S TEMPEST, Act. II. Sc. 1.

What might not Genius do!—From such a gay
 And rich profusion of ambrosial flow'rs,
 Of ev'ry fragrance and of ev'ry hue,
 Might not the finger of ingenious Art
 A garland weave, whose undecaying wreath
 Might bloom immortal round my happy head!—
 From such a various and exhaustless store
 Of precious fragments scatter'd all around,
 Of gorgeous ORIENTAL colonnades,
 Of GOTHIC pillars, and of GRECIAN busts,
 Could not judicious Taste a fabric rear,
 Sublime and simple—which at once might brave
 The keen researches of the critic eye,
 The blast of Envy, and the touch of Time,
 And stand the gaze of ev'ry future Age!

Scarce had I ended, when the twilight gloom,
 That gather'd fast around, was turn'd at once
 To more than noon-tide splendor, and a form
 Before me sudden stood, like one of those
 Resplendent shapes with which Religion, rapt
 In holy meditation, loves to cloathe
 The pure unbodied energies of Heav'n—
 A sunny radiance brighten'd all his face,^r
 And on his cheek in living lustre glow'd
 Unfading beauty and immortal youth:
 On ev'ry quick and penetrating glance
 That beam'd refulgent from his eagle eye,
 Decision hung—and yet the piercing flame
 Was kindly temper'd with a softer ray.

† His face is overspread with a manly sunniness.

SIR CH. GRANDISON, Lett. XXXVI.

His polish'd brow, where open candor shone,¹
 In turban'd form a silken fillet bound
 Of verdant hue, o'er which an ostrich plume
 Its graceful length of snowy whiteness wav'd;
 Behind, adown his shoulders' easy slope,
 The rich luxuriance of his raven hair
 In glossy ringlets fell; his mantle, dyed
 In all the freshness of ethereal blue,
 Around his limbs in careless beauty flow'd,
 Display'd his matchless symmetry of shape,
 And left each motion free—Each motion too
 Was harmony and grace—The bright display
 Of charms eternal, thus at once reveal'd,
 With quick surprize o'erwhelm'd my dazzled sense,
 And down I sunk, unable to sustain
 The weight of Vision; but the gracious Pow'r
 With pity's mild regard my weakness view'd,
 And from the ground my fainting courage rais'd;
 Then thus he spoke—but in a voice whose tones
 Had more of melody than e'er was call'd,
 In old ARCADIAN times, from lute or harp,
 (Or if aught else more tuneable and sweet
 Than lute or harp) by touch of mortal hand.²

“Why, dearest youth, this useless terror now?
 In me thou see'st no formidable shape

¹ On his polish'd brow
 Sat young Simplicity.

AKENSIDE'S PLEAS. OF IMAG. II. 403.

² More tuneable than needed lute or harp
 To add more sweetness.

MILTON'S PAR. LOST, V. 151.

Of vengeance or of fear—but him, to whom
 Thou still, unbid, hast willing homage paid—
 The judge of beauty, elegance, and grace,
 Both in corporeal and in mental forms—
 The POW’R OF TASTE—that kind indulgent Pow’r,
 That on thy natal hour auspicious smil’d,
 And oft enamour’d o’er thy cradle hung,
 Ev’n then beholding with prophetic eye
 The future strength of thy undaunted zeal,
 I set thee down, and seal’d thee for my own;¹
 Nor did thy growing years my hope deceive.
 Scarce o’er the darkness of thy infant mind
 Had Reason’s lamp its first faint radiance thrown,
 Before, unprompted, thy eccentric soul
 Forsook the circle of thy playful mates
 With me to walk thro’ solitary groves,
 And hear the music of poetic sound.
 Ev’n then so pow’rful was the secret charm,
 Which to my love thy restless spirit drew,
 That oft, regardless of each present good,
 It sprung with vain attempt at higher bliss,
 And fondly listen’d, with a fruitless ear,
 To notes which then thy unenlighten’d mind
 Could only wonder at, and wish to know:
 But when advancing time that wish fulfill’d,
 And gave at length into thy youthful hand
 That magic ring, whose talismanic pow’r
 Reveals the meaning of each Muse’s tongue,²

¹ I set thee down, and seal’d thee for my own.

FAIR PENITENT, Act. I. Sc. 2.

² The vertue of this ring, if ye wol here,
 Is this, that if hire list it for to were

With what redoubled ardour didst thou then
 Frequent the lessons of my tuneful choir!
 While those of equal rank and equal age
 Pursu'd each phantom of ideal bliss,
 With SIREN forms thro' Pleasure's gardens row'd,
 Led up the dance in Fashion's glitt'ring fane,
 Or quaff'd with Bacchanals the midnight bowl.
 Thy sober feet within the quiet verge
 Of my sequester'd haunts were always found;
 And now, to crown the whole, thy riper age
 Has left the onward path of active life,
 With me to wander thro' the flow'ry maze
 Where wealth or honour is but rarely found:
 For me thy daring spirit has resign'd
 Each hope that glitters in the vulgar eye,
 And brav'd the censures of a slavish world
 At war with all that will not judge like them,
 Or seek for happiness beyond the reach
 Of Custom's tyrant law—And shall the lord
 Of all the endless wealth in Fancy's mine
 On such unwearied proofs of ardent zeal
 No recompence bestow?—How justly then
 Might ev'ry future age renounce my pow'r,
 And cease to worship at my thankless shrine!
 But think not thou that merits such as these
 Shall meet with no return—for I have long

Upon hire thombe, or in hire purse it bere,
 Ther is no foule that fleeth under heven
 That she ne shal wel understond his steven,
 And know his mening openly and plaine,
 And answere him in his langage again.

CHAUCER'S SQUIRE'S TALE, 138.

A splendid office set apart for thee.
 Tho' much of me, my nature, and my laws,
 In various notes my tuneful sons have sung,
 Not one has yet conceiv'd the bold design
 To trace my progress from Creation's birth
 Thro' all the changing scenes of place and time,
 And lead his free and animated strain
 With equal vigour thro' the circling maze
 Of Manners and of Art—For thee alone
 Was this great theme reserv'd—Nor shall the task
 Be wholly left to thy unaided pow'r;
 For I will dictate to thy list'ning Muse,
 And prompt thy spirit with the daring song.
 But come with me; for I will show thee first
 The various wonders of my bright domain,
 That so the splendid Vision may inflame
 With lasting ardour thy enraptur'd soul,
 And thaw those frosts of Diffidence and Fear,
 That sit so oft around thy pensive heart,
 The stream of action stop, and turn awry
 Th' unsteady current of thy best resolves."

He ceas'd; and snatching quick my trembling hand,
 Bore me at once, from out the narrow space
 In which I stood, into the ample air,
 I know not how — for all my senses then
 In ecstasy were lost — like him who, rul'd
 By some capricious dream's mysterious pow'r,

* And enterprises of great pith and moment
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

HAMLET, Act. III. Sc. 2.

Incessant hurries on from scene to scene,
Effects of strangest sort astonish'd views,
But leaves both cause and circumstance behind.

Thus was it then with me — and thus remain'd,
Until at length I found myself again
On solid ground, and constant by my side
The heav'nly Vision stood — Before my sight
Appear'd a wall of adamantine rock,
Whose lofty summit, mingling with the clouds,
Ev'n to the fowls of Heav'n access denied —
One gate alone, of vast gigantic size,
Whose brilliant structure glitter'd from afar,
Afforded entrance to the scenes within —
Fast lock'd it seem'd; and as we nearer drew,
I saw the frame itself was neither wrought
Of drudging silver, nor of gaudy gold,
But polish'd ebony, whose sullen hue
To most advantage set the lustre off
Of those symbolic forms, which art divine
Had there pourtray'd with colours brought from
Heav'n.

High in the front the Critic balance hung,
While mounted on her rostrum far below
Commanding Eloquence in thunder spoke,
And freely pour'd Persuasion's stream along.
On either side a graceful figure shone :

' Thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, Act. III. Sc. 2.

Here History her dread tribunal fill'd,
 And call'd to judgment, with an awful voice,
 The trembling ghosts of heroes and of kings;
 And there the Pow'r of philosophic lore
 Look'd forth from Speculation's airy tow'r
 To mark the manners and the thoughts of men;
 And these between were scatter'd all around
 The slighter symbols of poetic art —
 The tragic dagger and the comic mask,
 The scourge of Satire, Love's bewitching lyre,
 The epic trumpet, and the rural reed —
 Each from the rest was parted by a wreath
 Of costly gems, which drew in ling'ring maze
 Along the sable ground its brilliant trail:
 The ruby there with angry blushes glow'd,
 Outshone and vanquish'd by the diamond's rays;
 While the soft em'rald and the sapphire mild
 In mutual smiles their mutual charms admir'd.
 Full in the midst an oval space was left,
 In which these words of energy and awe
 In all the pomp of rising silver shone : ¹

« Hope not to enter here, ye impious men
 « Who slight the Graces that from Heav'n
 « descend ! ²

« Ye cold, unfeeling pedants—ye who deem

¹ Queste parole di colore oscuro
 Vid' io scritte al sommo d'una porta.

DANTE'S INFERNO, C. III. 10.

² Ἀσεβοὺς μὲν ἐστὶν ἀνθρώπου, τὰς παρὰ τῷ Θεῷ
 χάριτας ἀπμαζεῖν.

ARRIAN. DE EPICTETO, II, 23.

« That Love and Friendship are romantic
 « names! —
 « Ye rude, ye vulgar, and ye hard of heart! —
 « Ye slaves of Int'rest, and ye votaries
 « Of Fashion and of Folly! — Ye are all
 « Shut out for ever — This resplendent gate
 « Opens to those alone whose favour'd souls
 « Are from their birth by Harmony attun'd,
 « By Feeling soften'd, and by Fancy fir'd. »

When now mine eyes had drunk the meaning up
 Of these emphatic words, the Pow'r of Taste,
 With smiles in which immortal beauty glow'd,
 Bespoke me thus again — « Thou see'st, my son,
 From these severe unalterable laws,
 By which admission is accorded here,
 That far the greater part of human kind
 Within these walls must never hope to come;
 And many too of those whose rank might seem
 To challenge more respect — Here Learning oft,¹
 After a life-time of unwearied pains,
 Of studious thought and scientific toil,
 Admittance asks in vain — Not all the pow'r
 Which on her worthless minions Fortune's hand
 Has ever lavish'd were enough to move
 This portal from its hinge — Not all the wealth

¹ Le temple était envi-
 ronné d'une foule de Vir-
 tuoses, d'Artistes et de Juges
 de toute espèce qui s'effor-
 çaient d'entrer, mais qui
 n'entraient point.

Oh! que d'hommes consi-
 dérables, que de gens du bel
 air, ne sont point reçus dans
 ce temple!

VOLTAIRE, TEMPLE
 DU GOÛT.

By rapine torn from INDIA's groaning land,
 That so, returning home, th' unquiet wretch
 May dazzle for a while the thoughtless crowd
 With guilty splendor, were a bribe sufficient
 To purchase entrance here—The pow'rful charm
 Of never-failing Beauty here were vain—¹
 And vain alike the venerable sound
 Of Wisdom's sacred name—Ev'n Virtue's self,
 Tho' sure of entrance at the gate of Heav'n,
 Might here apply, and fail to be receiv'd—
 And yet, indulgent to a chosen few,
 Who neither beauty, wealth, nor pow'r can boast,
 And of those other more substantial gifts
 Perhaps inherit but a slender share,
 Will this capricious door itself uncloze,
 When such my will—as, lo! it does to thee.”

He spoke no dream—for now th' obedient gate,²
 Turning on tuneful hinge, its brilliant valves
 With courteous invitation open'd wide.
 As lightning quick he seiz'd my willing hand,
 And led me forward, while the living gate,
 Soon as we past, spontaneous shut behind.

¹ There plead your cause with never-failing beauty.

JANE SHORE, Act. II. Sc. 5.

² He spake no dream.

MILTON'S PAR. REGAIN'D, II. 337.

CANTO II.

THE GARDEN OF BEAUTY.

Pareva quel Giardino un Paradiso.

BERNI.

But lo ! disclos'd in all her smiling pomp,
Where BEAUTY, onward moving, claims the verse
Her charms inspire !

AKENSIDE.

BUT where shall now the daring Muse
That rich exhaustless treasure find
Of lively, warm, and brilliant hues,
Where strength with beauty dwells combin'd,
To paint those glorious visions of delight,
Which met within the walls my ravish'd sight ?

Could I that pencil's force command,
Which once pourtray'd ALCINA'S land ; ¹
Or his, who taught the song to rove
Through fair ARMIDA'S magic grove ; ²
Or his, who paints ACRASIA'S wanton bow'r, ³
And decks the charming spot with ev'ry fairy flow'r.

Had I that bold seraphic tongue,
Which youthful EDEN'S glories sung ; ⁴

¹ Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, c. VI. and. VII.

² Tasso's Gerusalemme Liberata, c. XVI.

³ Spenser's Faery Queene, b. II. c. xii.

⁴ Milton's Paradise Lost, b. IV.

Or his, whose heroes rest from toil
In CYTHEREA'S verdant isle,
Who wanders wild thro' Pleasure's flow'ry plain,
And bathes in passion deep the rich voluptuous strain;
Then might I hope, with happier hand, to draw
Some faint resemblance of the scenes I saw,
Tho' still the picture would be far behind
The bright conception of the painter's mind,
Which these artificers of tuneful speech,
With all their varied skill, would fail to reach.

At first the glare of bliss was too intense
For mortal strength, and each bewilder'd sense
Sunk lifeless down before the plastic pow'rs,
That reign'd eternal in those fairy bow'rs,
Whose magic there on ev'ry object threw
The dazzling light of Beauty's brilliant hue;
And fill'd the wanton air that danc'd around
With charming odour and delightful sound.
But who can tell the pride of fragrant bow'rs,
The rich profusion of immortal flow'rs;
The crystal streams that sweetly flow'd along,
And o'er their pebbles made melodious song;
The painted tribes that, perch'd on ev'ry spray,
Attun'd their notes to love's harmonious lay!
There still did smiling Summer's golden eye
Look down propitious from a cloudless sky;
There to the charm of Spring's ambrosial pow'r
Was join'd the boast of Autumn's wealthy dow'r,
Who there, for ever ripe, yet ever young,
On each fair tree in purple triumph hung;

* Camoens' Lusiad, c. IX.

There still with dewy step the gentle dawn
 Mov'd o'er the verdure of the glossy lawn;
 And there, with influence meek, and sober grace,
 Still bath'd in coolness Nature's smiling face;
 Nor e'er allow'd the splendid orb of day¹
 To lift above the hills his glaring ray,
 And drive, with flaming torch, the peaceful morn
 away.

Now had mine eyes these charms at leisure
 view'd,
 And thus the gracious Pow'r his speech renew'd —

What here, my son, thy wonder sees around
 Makes but one province of my fairy ground;
 But one of five, which form a finish'd whole,
 And yet with diff'rent beauties charm the soul.
 Full in the midst of this extensive plain,
 Where Fate's command has fixt my splendid reign,
 Appears that MOUNTAIN of immortal fame,
 Which bears SUBLIMITY'S exalted name;
 From which enchanting PITY'S VALE descends,
 And to the South its shadowy length extends:²
 Bright in the sea which bathes its western side
 Lies FANCY'S ISLE in wild romantic pride;
 And here, where now you breathe ambrosial air,
 East of the Mount, is BEAUTY'S GARDEN rare.

¹ Non puossi in quel Giardin metter le piante
 Se non appunto quando leva il sole.

BERNI.

² Its southern site its truth compleat.

COLLINS' ODE TO PITY.

In all these scenes are diff'rent seats assign'd
 For diff'rent orders of the tuneful mind,
 Who, while their hours in endless rapture flow,
 Forget the hardships they endur'd below.
 These fair abodes, at leisure now to view,
 Let us, with heedful steps, our course pursue;
 Nor will my vocal aid be needful here
 To point them out, as they by turns appear;
 Since well thy curious eye has known so long
 The various features of the sons of song,
 That one slight glance will bring to Mem'ry's
 view
 Their name, their genius, and the scenes they
 drew" —

He spoke, and mov'd—nor did my eager mind,
 By sloth or fear discourag'd, lag behind—
 And now, what first of all our notice drew,
 And with its gentle beauty cheer'd the view,
 Was a rich spot of gayest freshness green,
 In midst of which a silver fount was seen,
 The floating surface of whose mirror bright
 Reflected back the images of sight,
 And show'd each pebble small in clear display,
 Whose sparkling smoothness at the bottom lay.
 Its velvet bank no foot could e'er forsake
 Until his lips had touch'd the limpid lake;
 So sweet the murmur of its tinkling sound,
 And such the coolness which it breath'd around.

* Mais quoi! le canal est si beau,
 Qu'il ne le quitte qu'avec peine.

LAFONTAINE, Fab. XI.

There sat the Slave,¹ whose pow'rs from AFRIC'S
shore

To ROME'S proud walls her better Genius bore,
And taught him there, with Freedom's flowing vein,
To pour translucent forth his comic strain.
And there, in negligent but neat array,
The gay FONTAINE in opposition lay:
Unrival'd Bard, whose fame o'er all prevails²
For simple apologues and comic tales;
Around their Poet still, without dismay,
Frisk'd all the brutal tribes in wanton play,
And at his feet his darling Reynard lay.
There both enjoy'd that richest bliss refin'd,
Which feeling souls on earth so rarely find,
When mind congenial meets congenial mind.
Oft bending down, with amiable grace,
Each view'd with pleasure his reflected face;
And oft the GALLIC Bard, in sportive mood,
Made playful eddies in the circling flood,
But went at times too far, and dimm'd its waves
with mud.

From thence not far a charming bank was seen,
Cloth'd in the brightness of eternal green,
O'er which the beech its rustic umbrage hung,
And flow'rs from which in wild profusion sprung;

¹ TERENCE.

² La Fontaine is, in truth, the capital and unrivalled writer of comic tales.

WARTON'S ESSAY ON POPE. Sect. VIII.

The Fables of La Fontaine is perhaps the most unrivalled work in the whole French language. WARTON, Sect. XI.

Not those, whose gaudy pomp the wearied gaze
 With more of wonder than delight surveys;
 But those whose simple and unmingled hues
 Each eye with calm and constant pleasure views;
 The golden crocus and the violet pale,
 The sweet narcissus that embalms the gale,
 And gentle primrose buds, the pride of ev'ry
 vale:

The wanton kids skipp'd o'er the glossy ground,
 And lambs in frolic measures danc'd around;
 And there, on Nature's couch extended, lay
 The two great Masters of the rural lay;
 That ancient Bard, who made SICILIA'S plains
 Resound the sweetness of his DORIC strains;¹
 And he who fill'd the groves, erewhile so mute,
 With the sweet echoes of his SAXON flute;²
 Who to the verse in measur'd pomp that flows,
 Preferr'd the humbler garb of graceful prose:
 And yet the GREEK foregoes his tuneful claim,
 And yields HELVETIA'S Son the palm of fame;³
 Gladly he bows to that superior mind
 Whose matchless art his darling Muse refin'd;
 Who bade her move with more majestic pace,
 With more bewitching softness fill'd her face,
 And deck'd her simple form with more attractive
 grace.

¹ Theocritus wrote in the Doric dialect.

² Gesner wrote in the Saxon, or Attic dialect of the German tongue. The first line of this couplet alludes to the late cultivation of poetry among the Germans.

³ Gesner was a native of Switzerland.

Still onward led, by Taste's indulgent pow'r,
 I next beheld a gay delightful bow'r,
 O'er which with lavish pomp the mantling vine
 Spread the rich umbrage of its fruit divine;
 And where around, each purple swarm between,
 The fragrant myrtle wreath'd its brilliant green;
 There, gaily perch'd the rustic arch above,
 Sat the two birds of frolic and of love,
 The wanton sparrow here, and there the gentle dove.
 Within the bow'r, by equal taste conjoin'd,
 Two jocund minstrels lay, at ease reclin'd;
 The sprightly Sage from TEOS' winding shore,¹
 And LESBIA's Bard whom proud VERONA bore;
 The tuneful teachers both of soft desire,
 And matchless masters of the sportive lyre:
 The GREEK rehears'd, in many a liquid line,
 The charms of beauty, and the joys of wine;
 While the sweet ROMAN's more voluptuous tongue,²
 Of countless stars and countless kisses sung:
 Soft were the notes, to youthful Fancy dear,
 And tho' condemn'd by Reason's voice severe,
 They charm'd the feeling heart, and sooth'd the
 tuneful ear.

¹ Stridere apes — jamque arbore summa
 Confluere, et lentis uvam demittere ramis.

VIRGIL, GEORG. IV. 556.

² ANACREON.

³ Quam sidera multa, quum tacet nox,
 Furtivos hominum vident amores;
 Tam te basia multa basiare,
 Vesano satis et supra Catullo est.

CATULLUS, Ode VII.

The bow'r was left; and o'er a wide expanse,
 In liveliest verdure drest, we next advance.
 Its length delightful reach'd a river's side,
 Whose distant waves in silence seem'd to glide;
 As velvet smooth appear'd the level green,
 In which no rough rebellious tuft was seen,
 So quick the scythe each rising growth destroy'd,¹
 And the round roller was so much employ'd.
 While this refreshing scene engag'd mine eye,
 Four gentle knights came softly riding by,²
 Each mounted on a well-proportion'd steed,
 Of those ARABIA'S fertile pastures breed:
 Adown their sides no tinsel trappings hung,
 Nor cloth of gold a gaudy lustre flung;
 Their pride was steel alone, whose polish'd hue
 Around their steps a sober glory threw;
 His courser each with graceful ease bestrode,
 And o'er the plain in gentlest measure rode.
 The first was he whose comprehensive mind
 At once the warrior and the sage combin'd;
 Whose sweet but simple page records so well
 The luckless field where youthful CYRUS fell,
 And all those toils the brave Ten Thousand bore,
 Before they reach'd again their native shore.
 Next was the man on whose mellifluous tongue
 Assembled ROME so oft with rapture hung,
 And who conjoin'd with sweet Persuasion's pow'r
 The boast of Wisdom's philosophic dow'r.

¹ Pope's page is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller. JOHNSON'S LIFE OF POPE.

² XENOPHON, CICERO, ADDISON and VOLTAIRE.

The third, in rank of time, was BRITAIN'S Sage,
 Who fill'd with purest truth his moral page,
 And brought, in Diction's loveliest robe array'd,
 His charming CLIO forth to Virtue's aid.¹
 And last appear'd the Prince of GALLIC prose,
 Who shunn'd in FERNEY'S shades his bigot foes;
 Whose daring head with ev'ry wreath was crown'd,²
 But most triumphant on historic ground.

But now the glorious cavalcade was past,
 And we the distant river gain'd at last,
 To which no torrent gave unwonted force,
 Nor rugged rock detain'd its gentle course,
 But smooth as glass the peaceful waves appear,
 For ever silent, and for ever clear.
 Across the stream one simple arch was flung,
 And o'er the flood in slender beauty hung,
 Full in the midst of which we paus'd awhile,
 And turning to the left beheld an isle—
 A charming isle—which, tho' of smallest size,
 Yet fix'd, and long detain'd our wond'ring eyes:
 For lavish Nature had assembled there
 Whate'er was costly, brilliant, rich, and rare;
 With sweet reluctance there the bashful rose³
 Appear'd her virgin beauties to disclose,

¹ When panting Virtue her last efforts made,
 You brought your Clio to the virgin's aid.

SOMERVILLE.

² The most universal of authors seems to be Voltaire.
 WARTON ON POPE, Sect. III.

³ Deh mira, egli cantò, spuntar la rosa
 Dal verde suo modesta e verginella.

TASSO, GER. LIB. C. XVI. St. 14.

While the bold tulip, flaunting by her side,
 Display'd, unask'd, her many-colour'd pride;
 There too the orange spread its golden bloom,
 And fill'd the circling air with rich perfume;
 And there the gorgeous peacock, proud and vain,
 Show'd the broad splendour of his starry train:
 Two graceful swans, in purest white array'd,
 Around the isle their silver circuit made,
 And IRIS over all, for ever young,
 Her bright unfading arch of glory flung.
 In this delicious spot, by Fate confin'd,
 Past their sweet hours two TUSCAN Bards
 refin'd :

The man who first array'd in tragic hues
 The simple features of the Past'ral Muse,
 And raising next his voice to war's alarms,
 Sung the success of GODFREY'S pious arms,
 And TANCRED'S luckless love, and fair ARMI-
 DA'S charms.

He too was there, who taught his FAITHFUL
 SWAIN³

A language foreign to the rural plain;
 And whose refinement deck'd each brilliant part
 With much of nature, but with more of art,
 Which always charm'd the ear, and sometimes
 reach'd the heart.

¹ Nè il superbo pavon sì vago in mostra
 Spiega la pompa delle occhiute piume:
 Nè l'Iride sì bella indora et innostra
 Il curvo grembo e rugiadoso al lume. St. 24.

² Tasso's *Aminta* is first alluded to.

³ Guarini's *Pastor Fido*.

Now from the isle our wearied eyes withdrew,
 And up the river bent their alter'd view ;
 Where a rich barge came slowly down the stream,
 And ting'd the water with a golden gleam ;
 A barge in Art's most elegant array,
 With burnish'd prow, and purple streamers gay,
 All but the topmost flag, whose sable hues
 Confest the liv'ry of the Tragic Muse.
 The painted oars two tender Poets plied, ²
 And cut with graceful ease the silver tide ;
 The GALLIC stage's boast, whose classic mind
 To purest chastity his verse refin'd ;
 Who wretched PHEDRA'S guilty flame pourtray'd, }
 And DIAN'S victim sung, the hapless maid ³ }
 By her reluctant sire's ambitious pride betray'd : }
 And he whose magic brought, in strains divine,
 Where harmony attunes each golden line,
 The fate of SHORE'S unhappy wife to view,
 And fair CALISTA'S vain repentance drew.

Thus long reposing on the bridge we stood,
 Which now we past, and reach'd a pleasant wood,
 Compos'd of ev'ry various race of trees,
 Whose size or shape the judging eye could please ;
 But chief the graceful larch and poplar tall
 Profusely rose, and overtopt them all.
 Shrubs too were there of ev'ry leaf and bloom,
 Whose tints were beauty, or whose breaths perfume.

¹ RACINE and ROWE.

² Μέλαν ἰστίον ἔχουσιν, ὡς ὅττι συμφορὰ περὶ δὴλῶ,
 τὴν Ναὸν ἐπεμπον — Τῷ μέλανι πλεῖν, καὶ ἀποσημαίνειν
 τὸ Πάθος. PLUTARCH in THESEO.

³ Iphigenie.

Each feather'd warbler's song we there could hear,
 Whose voice had pow'r to charm the tuneful ear;
 But chief in number, from their little throats
 The thrush and linnet pour'd melodious notes.
 Nor had we travers'd long this ample shade,
 Until we lighted on a secret glade,
 Where, screen'd from vulgar eyes, a groupe was seen¹
 In fourfold dance upon the flow'ry green.
 There was the ROMAN Bard, whose lyric tongue
 With frequent praise his dear MÆCENAS sung;
 Who, dazzled oft by Favour's brilliant ray,
 To base OCTAVIUS rais'd the partial lay,
 And cast on Flatt'ry's hues his matchless art away. }
 There too was he that charm'd this latter age,
 The grace and glory of the TUSCAN stage,
 Whose tender hand the cruel conflict penn'd²
 Of clement TITUS and his guilty friend,
 And mix'd with tragic colours, dark and strong,
 The softer, livelier tints of lyric song.
 Two sister Graces, with their zones unbound,³
 Beat, with this favour'd pair, the verdant ground;

¹ Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo.

HORACE, Ode i. Lib. III.

² La Clemenza di Tito, Atto III. Sc. 6.

³ Me gelidum nemus,

Nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori

Secernunt populo. HORACE, Ode I. Lib. I.

Junctæque nymphis Gratiaë decentes,

Alternò terram quatiunt pede. Ode IV. Lib. I.

. Solutis

Gratiaë zonis. Ode XXX. Lib. I.

Gratia cum nymphis geminisque sororibus audet
 Ducere nuda choros. Ode VII. Lib. IV.

The third, a pleas'd spectator, stood beside
 With music's pow'r their bounding steps to guide, }
 And make the sportive maze in juster measures }
 glide.

But when we left this forest of delight,
 A fair pavilion rose before our sight
 On pillars rear'd of PARIAN marble pure,
 Whose strength and grace thro' ev'ry age endure:
 There with IONIA'S order, rich and gay,
 Did that of CORINTH hold divided sway;
 And there was Triumph's tree, the laurel, seen
 Around each shaft to wreath its deathless green;
 While Night's melodious bird, the leaves among,
 Pour'd the sweet cadence of her matchless song,
 To whose congenial notes two Poets here,
 Together seated, lent a raptur'd ear.
 The MANTUAN Bard, whose pure and perfect lays
 The voice of ev'ry age has join'd to praise;
 Whose wond'rous art describ'd, in polish'd strain,
 The sports and labours of the rural train;
 And changing themes, from PHRYGIA'S flaming
 shore
 To LATIUM'S plains the pious exile bore:
 The BRITON too, on whose enchanting tongue
 The whole exhaustless pow'rs of music hung;
 Who deck'd in ev'ry colour rich and rare
 The violation of BELINDA'S hair;
 Whose splendid course with WINDSOR'S praise
 began,
 Who thro' the mighty maze of manners ran,
 And led his ethic Muse o'er all the field of man. }

On chairs of gold, enthron'd in equal state,¹
 Of Beauty's realm these matchless Monarchs sate,
 Supreme of all that boast her lovely dow'r,
 Those sweet companions of the leisure hour;
 With whom in careless mood we oft retire
 From the proud masters of the lofty lyre;²
 From those who shake the nerves with comic art,
 Or with tumultuous passions tear the heart:
 These are the darling Bards, whose gentle sway
 The mind without fatigue can still obey;
 Who sooth th' enchanted ear, and steal the heart
 away.

¹ A golden column next in rank appear'd
 On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd.

.
 The Mantuan there in sober triumph sate.

POPES TEMPLE OF FAME.

² We desert our master, and seek for companions.

JOHNSON'S LIFE OF MILTON.

CANTO III.

THE VALE OF PITY.

Lugentes campi, sic illos nomine dicunt.
VIRGIL.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And J with thee will choose to live.
MILTON.

NOR yet had PHŒBUS rear'd his banner bright,
Nor had our eyes the want of radiance found,
While the sweet dawn, with mild and sober light,
Display'd the secrets of th' Elysian ground.

But here, at once, the soft effulgence fail'd,
And day-break sudden from our sight retir'd;
At once the moon her visage pale unveil'd,
Inducing darkness ere the day expir'd.

With startled eye and lili'd cheek I view'd
So wide a breach of Nature's sacred law;
No more my feet their onward path pursued,
Chain'd to the ground by petrifying awe.

My Guide, indulgent to my weakness, smil'd,
And thus my troubled heart restor'd again:
Why droops the spirit of my darling child?
And whence these idle doubts, and terrors vain?

Hast thou forgot, that all we now survey
Is not the vulgar world, but Fairy land,
Where Nature's sceptre holds not sov'reign sway,
But shares its pow'r with Fancy's magic wand?

Were you from East to West at once convey'd,
You would not surely there expect to find
(While Fate commands alternate light and shade)
The self-same sun-shine which you left behind.

And yet 'twixt East and West, by Nature's law,
Scarce are the signs of opposition more,
Than 'twixt the smiling fields we lately saw,
And those our vagrant feet must now explore.

This is the dark and melancholy vale,
Where Pity gives her tuneful sons relief,
And lends her ear to many a tender tale
Of hopeless love, and unavailing grief.

Nor think, my child, that here no pleasure dwells;
Here shalt thou taste that mournful joy refin'd,
Which (as thou soon wilt own) by far excels
Those tranquil pleasures which we left behind.

He scarce had ended, when my alter'd soul
The full completion of his promise found,
And felt immediate thro' my bosom roll
New tides of rapture from the scenes around.

Those scenes, indeed, no native charm could boast,
Thro' which we slowly bent our downward way;
Thro' hills, whose distant tops were cloth'd in frost,
And bare bleak dales, undeck'd with flowrets gay.

But o'er these barren dales, and hills of snow,
The Queen of Night so soft a mantle threw,
And slept so sweetly on the banks below,¹
That all was beauty to the raptur'd view.

Descending still, we heard a distant sound
Of waters murm'ring soft their liquid song,
And soon espied a brook, with willows crown'd,
That slowly stole the lonely vale along;

And on its bank, beneath the hoary shade,
A pensive groupe was seated on the ground;
Full in the midst reclin'd a love-sick Maid,
And three desponding Swains were plac'd around.²

Instant I knew the luckless LESBIAN Maid,
Whose glowing hand that rapid sketch design'd,
In which, with Nature's hues, are all pourtray'd
The speechless symptoms of th' enamour'd mind.³

On her right hand the ROMAN Bard I spied,
Who sung, in plaintive notes, his DELIA'S praise;
Who daft the world, and all its hopes aside,⁴
And gave to Love alone his careless days:

¹ How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

SHAKESPEAR'S MERCHANT OF VENICE.

² SAPHO, TIBULLUS, PETRARCH and SHENSTON.

³ SAPPHO'S famous Ode, *Φαίβεταί οἱ κείνος ἴσος Σελόισιν*,
is here principally alluded to.

⁴ The nimble-footed, mad-cap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daft the world aside,
And bid it pass —

SHAKESPEAR'S HENRY IV. Part I.

While on her left appear'd the TUSCAN Swain,
Who nurs'd for many a year the hopeless flame;
Who breath'd his vows in passion's purest strain,
And fill'd VALCLUSA'S bow'rs with LAURA'S name.

Last, at her feet, and least, the BRITON lay,
Whose love his PHYLLIS with disdain return'd;
Whose simple song, addrest to shepherds gay,
Her smiles, her beauty, and her caprice mourn'd.

This darling groupe I long with pleasure ey'd,
And still had stood, unconscious of the snare,
Had not the heav'nly Pow'r my danger spied,
And thus address'd me with parental care:

It is not safe, my child, to linger here,
Where all the air is fill'd with am'rous sighs,
And the brook swell'd with many a tender tear,
Descending slowly from enamour'd eyes.

Too oft already has the fatal pow'r
Of tyrant Passion made thy heart a prey,
Enchain'd in languid sloth each pensive hour,
And turn'd from all besides thy sight away;

And were he now to seize thy soul again,
Not all my pow'r, perhaps, could yield relief;
Oh! let us then no longer here remain,
But haste to nobler scenes of manly grief.

He said, and snatch'd my half reluctant hand,
And led me onward from the plaintive stream,
To where the russet heath embrown'd the land,
O'er which the moon diffus'd a tender gleam.

Beneath a blasted birch's dismal shade,
 There FINGAL'S son, the voice of CONA, lay; ¹
 All but his head enwrapt the listed plaid,
 That head where Age had rais'd his banner gray.

Alone he lay, and thro' his hoary hair,
 At ev'ry shifting breeze, the bleak blast blew,
 And sighing still he turn'd, against despair, ²
 On days of other years his mental view.

The four gray stones that mark the narrow bed
 Of parted heroes rose his couch beside,
 On which the harp of pow'rful tone was laid,
 His only comfort, and his only pride :

That solemn harp each lighter note disdain'd,
 To nought but love and deeds of glory strung,
 To which OITHONA'S death for honour stain'd,
 And fair DARTHULA'S hapless fate he sung.

With quick'ning pace I to the Bard drew near,
 And him to greet some courteous speech design'd,
 In hopes his frank reply those doubts would clear,
 Whose pow'r so strongly had perplex'd my mind ;

But ere my eager tongue one word could say,
 Across the heath a misty vapour flew,
 Extended o'er our heads its pinions gray,
 And snatch'd the hero from my anxious view.

¹ OSSIAN alone.

² Ever against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs.

Thus of my ardent wish at once beguil'd,
I scarce could bear the disappointment dire;
Till he who rul'd my steps in pity smil'd,
And briefly thus reprov'd my vain desire:

Restrain these idle hopes too curious youth,
We came not here all myst'ries to explore;
Nor is my realm the porch of sober Truth,
But the gay school of Fancy's brilliant lore.

Now to another scene direct thy sight,
Where yon aspiring rock invades the sky,
On which pale CYNTHIA, from her cloudless height,
Looks down with mild and melancholy eye:

And there thou see'st is Sorrow's lonely cave,
Where yon tall cypress lifts its mournful head,
Whose fatal boughs with pensive motion wave,
And all around diffuse a doleful shade.

Hark, from the tree, by murm'ring breezes borne,
What sounds of sadness echo thro' the vale,
While perching there, of ev'ry hope forlorn,
The widow'd turtle tells her plaintive tale!

Within that cave two Priests of Pity dwell,
To whom her sweetest, purest notes belong,
Who dipt their tragic urns in Nature's well,
And drew from thence alone the weeping song.

There is the Bard who made th' ATHENIAN stage
Resound with HECUBA'S maternal grief,
And call'd to view MEDEA'S jealous rage,
Her dreadful conflict, and her dire relief.

• EURIPIDES and OTWAY.

And he from ARUN's banks, the hapless youth,
Whose tender verse MONIMIA's fate deplor'd,
And sung the constant and unwearied truth
Of BELVIDERA to her cruel lord.

And yet, tho' both such plaintive pow'rs possess,
And swell'd with equal skill dark Passion's tide,
As far as East is distant from the West,
So distant were their souls in all beside.

The moral GREEK, attach'd to Wisdom's lore,
In ev'ry line some useful truth convey'd,
While BRITAIN'S Bard the garb of Licence wore,
And to the cause of Vice gave impious aid.

Nor need you now, my son, desirous be
With nearer eye the pensive pair to view,
But rather (for we yet have much to see)
Let us with more of haste our course pursue.

He spoke—and, tho' my heart a wish retain'd
On PELLA'S Bard to look, I yet obey'd;
And, moving on, a place we quickly gain'd,
O'er which the yew display'd its baleful shade.

Scarce had we pierc'd this grove of dire Despair,
When the pale moon her pensive light withdrew,
And, charg'd with noxious pow'r, the midnight air
Dropt on our heads a dank and chilly dew.

And there the ugly owl and raven drear
From bough to bough still sail'd on heavy wings,
And with their dismal tones assail'd our ear,
The hateful heralds of terrific things.

Yet (strange to tell!) their notes produc'd not there
The same discordant song they elsewhere made,
And ev'n the chillness of that midnight air
A shiv'ring pleasure to the sense convey'd.

There too, tho' deepest darkness reign'd around,
We still with wond'rous ease pursued our way;
And there we soon three tragic Masters found,
Within that dreary shade who lov'd to stray.

The first was he, of ATTIC Bards supreme,
Who drew JOCASTA and her husband-child,
And deck'd in horror's pomp the dreadful theme,
A throne with incest and with blood defil'd.

Next was the BRITON, whose impassion'd strain
Express'd heroic IMOINDA'S grief,
And ISABELLA'S fate, whose cureless pain
Could only from distraction find relief.

The last was GALLIA'S Bard, the Prince who sung
That left his wife beneath ARAXES' wave,
And to the direful banquet tun'd his tongue,
Which vengeful ATREUS to THYESTES gave.

Now had the tragic three retir'd from view,
And we, proceeding thro' the dismal shade,
Approach'd at last a gate of sable hue,
O'er which the paler drops of sorrow stray'd.

The gate we enter'd, and a church-yard found,
Where pow'rful Death had plac'd his dreary throne,
And many a sad memorial rose around
Of humble turf and more ambitious stone.

; SOPHOCLES, SOUTHERN and CREBILLON.

Above the rest, with merit's fairest claim,
Two monuments in marble pomp appear'd;
The one was black, which bore LE FEVER'S
name,

And one was white, to poor MARIA rear'd.

Between these tombs the motley YORICK stood¹
And wept, whene'er on them he turn'd his view;
Tho' well he could assume a sprightlier mood,
When TRISTRAM'S Uncle his attention drew.

What other names some other tombs might show,
(Such was our haste) we did not stop to see;
But, moving onward, gain'd the Vault of Woe,
Where mournful Passion reach'd its last degree.

For there eternal Silence reign'd profound,
And all the naked walls with horror hung;
And there one dying lamp, o'er all around,
With quiv'ring flame, the light of darkness flung.

Full in the midst a sable coffin stood,
On which reclin'd the Priest of Virtue lay;²
Of all that e'er essay'd the melting mood,
Who rul'd the heart with most despotic sway.

'Twas he, who told so well the touching tale
Of proud BOLOGNA'S melancholy Maid,
And taught the world CLARISSA'S fate to wail,
By tyrant force and hellish fraud betray'd.

¹ STERNE alone.

² RICHARDSON.

Two pensive pupils at his feet were laid,^{*}
Who drew sweet pictures of domestic life;
Whose art in Virtue's tend'rest robe array'd
The forms of WOLMAR'S and of ALBERT'S wife.

The friend of JULIA, from her soul refin'd,
Obtain'd a balm to sooth his am'rous woe;
While here no rest could WERTER'S spirit find,
But rush'd indignant to the shades below.

Such were the Bards, and such the Sons of Prose,
Assign'd a place in Pity's dusky vale,
Beneath whose plastic hands by turns arose
The song of sorrow and the tender tale.

How sweet with them to waste the careless day,
To range thro' all the maze of Passion's dream,
And feel the raptur'd soul dissolve away
Beneath the weight of each disastrous theme!

And ev'n when cares invade I seek relief
Within the circle of their magic land,
And give those tears to Fancy's fabled grief,
Which Mem'ry's juster claim would else demand.

Still let my feet their pensive steps pursue,
Breathe sigh for sigh, and echo groan to groan;
While thus from real ills I turn my view,
And in another's woe forget my own.

* ROUSSEAU and GOETHE.

CANTO IV.

THE MOUNTAIN OF SUBLIMITY.

Impatient of the painful steep to soar
 High as the summit; there to breathe at large
 Ethereal air with Bards and Sages old,
 Immortal sons of praise.

AKENSIDE.

FROM Pity's Vale, where nothing now remain'd
 Of novelty unseen, we turn'd away,
 And upward next address'd our patient feet,
 To gain the summit of that lofty mount,
 Which rose conspicuous from the central base
 Of my celestial Guide's extensive round.
 No clement charms its lower clime could boast;
 Dark was the visage of the angry sky,
 And cloth'd by Tempest in her thickest veil
 Of louring sable clouds, thro' which at times
 On livid wing the rapid lightning flew;
 Succeeding which the Thunder issued forth
 In deep tremendous tone his stern decree.
 And yet this awful scene inspir'd not here
 Unmingled terror—Pleasure too combin'd
 To charm the ear which heard with trembling joy
 The elemental war—Nor had we long
 Thro' this terrific gloom pursued our way,
 Until before our sight appear'd a mass

Of stone, in shape and size like one of those
 Enormous piles by Vanity uprear'd
 To lodge the reliques of departed Kings
 In EGYPT's haughty land, whose children thought
 That bulk was splendor, and that greatness dwelt
 In lifeless matter's giant form alone. ¹
 Beside its base a tyger, vast of size
 And fierce of spirit, lay, whose awful voice
 From time to time appall'd the silent air;
 But on the pyramid's aspiring top,
 Like pigmy forms, two pompous Poets sat, ²
 And thence still look'd with self-complacence down
 Upon the vale below—but other thoughts
 Of less presumption would have fill'd their minds,
 Had they but chanc'd to turn their eyes behind
 On that ascending steep, whose arduous length
 Betwixt their station and the summit lay—
 Of ROME the one, who told the dismal tale
 Of guilty THEBES, beset by foreign foes,
 And the dire furies of fraternal hate; ³
 Who swell'd his verse with many a turgid sound,
 And left the paths of nature and of truth
 To grasp at excellence beyond his reach.
 The other Bard was BRITAIN'S pious son,

¹ It is well known, that the Egyptians, in all their productions of art, mistook the gigantic for the sublime, and greatness of bulk for greatness of manner.

WARTON ON POPE, Sect. vii.

² Pygmies are pygmies still, tho' perch'd on Alps,
 And pyramids are pyramids in vales.

NIGHT THOUGHTS, VI. 309.

³ STATIUS.

Who strew'd PHILANDER'S and NARCISSA'S tomb
 With flow'rs of darkest hue, and devious led
 The sable stream of his nocturnal song
 "Thro' many a field of moral and divine."¹
 At times, inspir'd by Feeling's genuine pow'r,
 The strain was just, and ardent, and sublime;
 But far more oft, on Affectation's wing,
 It soar'd beyond the ken of vulgar eyes,
 And left both Taste and Common Sense behind.

Not far from thence another work of art
 Our next attention drew; and stopt awhile
 Our upward journey—Twas a lofty tow'r
 Which rose in all the pride of warlike pomp,
 And frown'd defiance on the world below.
 By Strength and Grace, two architects divine,
 With equal labour and united skill,
 Each finish'd fabric in the Land of Taste
 Must still be rais'd to meet the wond'ring eye
 Of universal praise—but Strength had here
 Labour'd alone, and in some sullen hour
 These awful turrets rear'd, nor ever call'd
 His fair associate to partake the toil,
 And sweetly temper with her tender touch
 The rude exertions of his careless hand.
 One only decoration grac'd the pile:
 On ev'ry battlement a golden shape
 Of ROME'S imperial Bird sat proudly perch'd,
 And deck'd its roughness with the splendid shade
 Of his triumphant wings—Two Poets there,²

¹ YOUNG.

² LUCAN and CORNEILLE.

In armour bold, and bolder courage clad,
 To guard the fortress stood—ROMAN the one,
 Who for the theme of his historic song
 (That manly song whose ev'ry rugged line
 The warm indignant soul of freedom breathes)
 Selected CÆSAR'S more than civil war;
 Who bath'd with many a stern and sullen tear
 The patriot victims of PHARSALIA'S field;
 And CATO'S firm undaunted march pursu'd
 Thro' all the horrors of the LYBIAN waste.
 The Sire congenial of the GALLIC stage
 Beside him stood, whose vig'rous hand pourtray'd
 («Tho' not with ease, nor with a RAPHAEL stroke")
 The forms of ROMAN virtue — He it was
 That drew the spirit masculine and bold
 Of CINNA'S darling Maid; the ruthless, fierce,
 Unbending soul of POMPEY'S widow'd spouse;
 And stern HORATIUS, whose heroic mind
 Wish'd that his son had rais'd the shield of death
 To save his honour from inglorious flight.

But when at last both pyramid and tow'r
 Were left below, at once the sable robe,
 Which o'er the troubled sky had hung till now,
 To purest azure turn'd : at once the Sun¹
 Appear'd refulgent on his flaming car,
 And shed o'er all the remnant of our way
 His full meridian glory — but that way
 At every step more steep and arduous grew.
 Now nought was seen but barren hills of sand

¹ Allor cangiossi il tempo, e l'aria scura
 Divenne chiara e'l ciel si fe' sereno. BERNI.

O'er hills of barren sand uprising still;
 A prospect faint and dreary to the sight —
 But to the sight alone — for that kind Pow'r,
 So long my guide and guardian, still sustain'd
 My feeble frame, nor suffer'd it to feel
 Fatigue or languor. Soon, amid that sea
 Of fruitless sand, on either side appear'd
 A verdant isle, on which the wearied eye
 Repos'd with comfort, glad once more to view
 The seats of Life, and Pleasure's green abode.
 Upon the left a venerable grove,
 Of warlike palm and peaceful olive mixt,
 Conspicuous rose, beneath whose ample shade
 Together roaming, our approach descried
 Three Sons of GRECIAN fame. ' The Sage was
 there

Who deck'd so oft his philosophic page
 With Fancy's brilliant flow'rs — the pupil blest
 Of SOCRATES himself — to whom we owe
 The lively picture of his master's fate,
 And all those lessons of exalted love
 Which from his dying lips divinely flow'd.
 The next was he, of Orators supreme,
 Against proud PHILIP'S each ambitious aim
 Who roll'd resistless from his fervid tongue
 Persuasion's thunder; from their shameful sleep
 The men of ATHENS rous'd; but vainly strove
 To kindle up in their degen'rate breasts
 The same unwearied flame of public zeal
 Which glow'd on MARATHON'S triumphant field.

' PLATO, DEMOSTHENES and LONGINUS.

There was the Critic too, whose hasty hand
 Essay'd in vain the fountains to disclose
 Of Eloquence sublime; that ardent judge,¹
 Who taught his fond applause aloft to soar
 On more than critic wing, and ev'n at times
 O'ertook the flights he only meant to praise.

Now to the right we turn'd, and there beheld
 A verdant Mount, on whose delightful top,
 With eagle glance commanding all around,
 The Pow'r of Prospect lay — With pencils arm'd,
 And an exhaustless store of colours clear,
 Wherewith to mimic ev'ry striking scene
 Of Nature and of Art, three painter Bards²
 Sat on the tender turf — A ROMAN one,
 Who fill'd his cup of philosophic lore,
 With blind attachment, from the muddy spring
 Which EPICURUS dug, but temper'd well
 Th' unwholsome draught with many a precious drop
 Of high poetic flavour — BRITAIN claim'd
 As her's the other two: him first, around
 Whose gentle head the Seasons all a wreath
 Unfading bound, while he describ'd so well
 Their sev'ral dresses, and by turns display'd
 Spring's verdant liv'ry, Summer's russet robe,
 The yellow mantle rich that Autumn wears,
 And Winter's hoary shroud — But with a wreath
 Of brighter beauty still had Fancy crown'd

¹ An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,
 With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just.

POPE'S ESSAY ON CRITICISM, 677.

² LUCRETIVS, THOMSON and AKENSIDE.

The third sweet Poet, whose harmonious voice,
 In strain so free, by Rapture's self inspir'd,
 That first of themes, her various Pleasures sung,
 And to such subtle and mysterious things
 Gave shapes so fair, and features so divine.

Beyond these fair but solitary spots
 Of green delight we had not mounted far,
 Until a narrow path in sight appear'd,
 Crossing the track which to the summit led
 Our upward journey : narrow was the path,
 Nor was its narrowness allow'd to rest
 Entire, but broken oft by many a rock
 Rising abrupt, and many a torrent flood
 That fell adown the steep with foaming haste
 And wild resistless fury. On this path
 Sudden a car appear'd which, lifted high,
 Hung glitt'ring in mid air, and rush'd along
 With speed so rapid that my dazzled eye
 Had only space sufficient to remark
 Who there in triumph rode ; to mark that there
 The THEBAN Herald of OLYMPIC praise,¹
 Lord of the Lyre, betwixt two BRITONS sat ;²
 'Twixt him whose glowing hand the Banquet drew
 Of PHILIP'S warlike son, and him whose last
 Of CAMBRIAN Bards on EDWARD'S tyrant crest
 Pour'd wildly forth the dark and dreary song
 Of dire prophetic vengeance—Earth contains
 No steed so firm, so fearless, and so fierce,
 As that swift courser of ethereal race,
 Which bore them safe along this rugged path

¹⁻² PINDAR, DRYDEN and GRAY.

Of dread and danger; now from rock to rock
 Bounding unhurt; across some torrent now
 Urging his fiery flight; nor pausing once
 'Till distance wrapt them in her dusky veil,
 And interposing, from the vain pursuit
 Constrain'd reluctant vision to retire.

But now at last, the boundary of all
 Our upward steps, the summit of the Mount
 Appear'd within our reach, on whose green brow
 A venerable oak, extending wide
 His giant arms, o'ercanopy'd a seat
 Of adamant eternal—There, enthron'd^{*}
 In equal majesty, two Poets sat,
 The Monarchs of the Mount: the one was he,
 The Sire of GRECIAN song, who all the rage
 Of fierce ACHILLES, and the wand'rings all
 Of sage ULYSSES told; whose magic pow'r
 With life and motion fill'd each glowing scene,
 And pour'd the torrent of unwearied fire
 O'er all his tuneful page. His great compeer
 Was he, whose art with rich seraphic hues
 Emblaz'd the sacred tale of EDEN lost;
 Who soar'd on Elevation's boldest wing,
 And rais'd to themes of more than mortal sound
 His deep sonorous voice. Both, as they sat,
 Appear'd of equal size; but I could well
 Perceive, delighted, that when each uprear'd

^{*} High on the first the mighty Homer shone;
 Eternal adamant compos'd his throne.

His mighty stature, BRITAIN'S giant son
Would proudly rise, and leave the GREEK below.

While thus with patient persevering steps
We gain'd upon the Mount, some secret pow'r
Gradual refin'd the circumambient air
From pure to purer still : but when at last
Our feet victorious on the summit stood,
With such delicious welcome did the gale
Greet our approach, methought that Heav'n's own
breath

Around my temples blew; nor rested there
The strong ethereal virtue; soon I felt,
With glad surprize, its purifying pow'r
Ev'n to my inmost bosom, driving thence
Each thought unworthy of a Poet's name,
Each vulgar hope, and ev'ry sordid care,
With each desire but that of honest fame,
And ev'ry passion but the love of song.

CANTO V.

THE ISLAND OF FANCY.

There must thou wake perforce thy Doric quill;
 'Tis Fancy's Land to which thou sett'st thy feet.

COLLINS.

I.

NATURE begone! — with thy dull formal laws
 Our future progress has no more to do;
 The vulgar scenes thy sober pencil draws
 Soon fade and pall on Ardour's wearied view,
 Whose restless spirit sighs for something new;
 Sighs for the range of that enchanted land,
 Where all is deck'd with more than earthly hue,
 Where sov'reign Fancy rears her magic wand,
 And calls by thousands up her bright aerial band.

II.

Come then, and hover round, ye countless Pow'rs,
 Who teach the song thro' fairy fields to glide,
 And o'er sweet Inspiration's richest hours,
 In all your various shadowy shapes preside:
 Come hither, then, and deign my steps to guide;
 Before my sight that secret world disclose,
 In all its wild and visionary pride,
 Where ev'ry form with living lustre glows,
 And ev'ry brilliant flow'r in deathless beauty blows.

III.

The lofty Mount we now had left behind,
And from its summit bent our downward way,
With faces turn'd against the western wind,
To where old Ocean heav'd his billows gray;
On whose bare beach a bark unfetter'd lay:
This soon I enter'd with my heav'nly Guide,
And (wond'rous to relate!) without delay
The living bark two wings expanded wide,¹
And flew with eagle speed across the foaming tide.

IV.

But tho' so swiftly thro' the waves we past,
We still enough had leisure to behold;
For there an army horrible and vast
Around our bark with hideous gesture roll'd,
Whose shapes were cast in Terror's darkest mold;
Death-fishes dire, huge whales, unwieldy, slow,
With many more of figures manifold,
And mermaids fell, that work the sailors woe,
Fair women all above, but monsters all below.

V.

Nor had we furrow'd long the ocean's face,
Till more of marvel still we there descried;
In bold defiance of the laws of Space,
Array'd in mist, an Island vast and wide

¹ This was a bark of the same kind with the one described in CHAUCER'S DREAM, v. 1379.

Came onward floating thro' the purple tide ;
 And which, advancing still our bark to meet,
 At last in form apparent stood beside ;
 Whereon (tho' thick my heart with wonder beat)
 I follow'd yet my guide, and plac'd my trembling feet.

VI.

But ere our steps that misty veil explor'd,
 Thro' which each image did but half appear ;
 My gracious Guardian, pausing, kindly pour'd
 These words of comfort in my drooping ear :
 Be bold, my son, and banish needless fear,
 Whate'er alarming sights you now may find ;
 For all the frightful scenes and objects here
 Were meant with pleasing dread to fill the mind,
 And not for works of pain or punishment design'd.

VII.

Encourag'd thus, away my fears I threw,
 And saw, without dismay, the strangest sight
 Was ever yet reveal'd to mortal view ;
 Two Suns, at once, in Heav'n's meridian height,¹
 Of equal splendour and of equal might—
 But oh ! what tongue can all the glories tell,
 With which their influence cloth'd that land of
 light,
 Or from each burning Orb what ardours fell,
 Where Heat's whole strength appear'd omnipotent
 to dwell !

¹ Καί μεν ὄρεῖν μοι δυο μεν ἡλίους δοκῶ.

EURIPIDES, BACCH. 916.

VIII.

No common warmth, indeed, had equal been
 To tinge the grass which there luxuriant grew,
 Not, as in other lands, of vulgar green,
 But painted rich with many a brilliant hue,
 From the fierce crimson to the gentle blue.
 Nor less of wonder did each flow'r disclose
 That met our eyes, of shape and colour new;
 The lily there in purple beauty glows,
 And there, with thorns unarm'd, appears the azure
 rose.

IX.

Nor were the trees like those of other soils;
 Each barren branch was rough with golden ore,
 And each prolific blush'd with precious spoils;
 The plum with sapphire fruit was cover'd o'er,
 And emeralds the vine and rubies bore;
 Each quiv'ring leaf was a melodious tongue,
 That still untir'd the sweetest notes could pour;
 And ev'ry bird that on the branches hung,
 Accordant to the sound, in human accent sung.

X.

The rivers here no vulgar boons bestow'd;
 Some taught their yellow waves with gold to shine,
 While some with honey, milk, and nectar flow'd,²
 And others, rolling down the richest wine,

¹ Vola fra gli altri un che le piume ha sparte, &c.

TASSO, GER. LIB. C. xvi. St. 13.

² Flumina jam lactis, jam flumina nectaris ibant.

OVID, MET. Lib. I.

Supplied their happy Lords with draughts divine.
 Nor less the mountains huge did our's surpass;
 One seem'd of glitt'ring gold a solid mine,
 Of iron one, and one of burnish'd brass,
 Of rugged diamond some, and some of polish'd glass.

XI.

Thus far had Fancy wild her frolics play'd
 Within the range of Matter's lifeless reign;
 But wonders wilder still we now survey'd,
 Encircled sudden by that endless train
 Of monstrous shapes which ancient fables feign.
 Extended there the hideous Hound of Hell¹
 Pour'd from his triple throat reproaches vain;
 There shook their snaky curls the Virgins fell,²
 And made each living lock with deadly venom swell.

XII.

To meet us next a motley monster came,
 The Lion, Goat and Snake in one combin'd;
 The brutal Bull here shar'd the human frame;
 And with his Rider there the Horse was join'd.
 Another Steed of Nature's genuine kind
 In these strange climes my chief attention drew;
 But while my feet a near approach design'd,
 He stretch'd two pinions wide, and upward flew,
 And soar'd among the clouds, beyond my dazzled
 view.

¹ and ² CERBERUS and the GORGONS are here alluded to;
 and in the next stanza are introduced the CHIMÆRA, the
 MINOTAUR, and the CENTAUR of antiquity, along with
 the HIPPOGRIF of ARIOSTO.

XIII.

But now to human forms we turn'd our eyes,
 Of shape, and size, and substance manifold;
 The Prince immoveable with marble thighs,¹
 The Groom of stern, resistless, iron mold,
 And the fierce Carle compos'd of purest gold;²
 The Pygmies there we saw in dwarfish bands,
 And all the haughty brood of Giants old,
 From him in whose broad front his lone eye stands,³
 To him who threatens Heav'n, and waves his hundred
 hands.⁴

XIV.

The human Porcupine, whose fretful skin
 Stood rough with native darts, was also there;
 Two Brothers, one inseparable Twin;⁵
 The PHRYGIAN Prince with iv'ry shoulder bare,⁶
 And Ocean's Daughters with their verdant hair;
 But endless task it were to count them all:
 Monarchs I saw, to whose unlucky share
 Heads deck'd with asses' ears had chanc'd to fall,
 And some, more luckless still, withouten heads
 at all.

¹ to ² For this Prince see the ARABIAN TALES; — for the Man of Iron, the FAIRY QUEEN, B. v. C. i. St. 12. — The Golden Man is also from SPENSER, B. ii. C. vii. St. 40.

³ and ⁴ POLIPHEMUS and BRIAREUS.

⁵ See a description of this monster in BUCHANAN'S HISTORIA SCOTIÆ, Lib. xiii, C. VII.

⁶ PELOPS.

XV.

Before us next appear'd a spacious tree,
 And call'd by Allegory's mystic name
 (For so my kind Instructor whisper'd me)
 On which in shape of birds or wild or tame
 Sat all the Passions of the human frame.
 The Vulture Avarice I there descried,
 And lurking 'mong the leaves the Owl of Shame;
 Ambition's Eagle too aloft I spied,
 And far above them all was perch'd the Peacock
 Pride.

XVI.

There too the Glutton Cormorant was plac'd;
 And Lechery the Sparrow him beside;
 While Vanity the Parrot, tiresome guest,
 With restless tongue, by Wisdom's curb untied,
 Pour'd forth of nonsense an incessant tide.
 But while these forms uncouth our eyes ran o'er,
 Three Bards appear'd, approaching side by side;
 Two graceful Bards from rich HESPERIA'S
 shore,¹
 And one more graceful still whom fair BRITANNIA
 bore.²

XVII.

The ROMAN first to wonders tun'd his tongue,
 And fill'd with shifting shapes each magic page;
 In accents wilder still the TUSCAN sung
 ORLANDO'S combats, and his am'rous rage,

¹ OVID and ARIOSTO.

² SPENCER.

And hopt from theme to theme like bird in cage.
 The last was MULLA's Bard, whose colours strong
 Brought back old Chivalry's romantic age;
 Who led the stream of allegoric song
 Thro' many a gloomy glade and flow'ry field along.

XVIII.

There stood beneath that mystic darksome tree
 A silver stool, to which their weary pace ¹
 Addressing, sat them down those noble three;
 And both the elder two with courteous grace
 To BRITAIN's child resign'd the middle place;
 Whose pencil pure to simpler charms refin'd
 The features bold of Fable's fairy face;
 Who drew so well the various tribes of Mind,
 And with the wildest notes the gentlest lays combin'd.

XIX.

Nor had we long pursued our onward way,
 When those two solar lamps of equal might
 Withdrew, with sudden haste, their double day,
 And left Heav'n's empire to the Queens of Night;
 For there of dazzling moons an army bright ²
 Still broke the silence of the midnight air, ³
 With many-shap'd and many-colour'd light,
 With azure beams and purple splendours rare,
 And many an oval green and many a scarlet square.

¹ Ne sittest downe on that same silver stoole.

FAERY QUEENE, B. II. C. vii. St. 63.

²⁻³ I' venni in luogo d' ogni luce muto.

DANTE, INF. C. v. 28.

XX.

Here from a leafless tree a stream of blood ¹
 Pour'd constant forth its crimson current dire; ²
 And there, with fatal course, a boiling flood
 Roll'd down incessant from a fount of fire. ³
 Between their waves appear'd a tuneful quire,
 Four mighty Bards, whom no restraints confin'd,
 Of all their race who struck the boldest lyre,
 Whose daring hands the wildest shapes design'd,
 And many a breathing thought and burning word
 combin'd. ⁴

XXI.

The first was Tragedy's ecstatic Sire,
 Who the stern soul of chain'd PROMETHEUS drew;
 The next was father of the TUSCAN lyre,
 Who brought the gloomy scenes of Hell to view,
 And ting'd his verse with Horror's darkest hue;
 The third, the head of PHILIP'S son around ⁵
 A gleam of wild gigantic glory threw;
 The last the magic cell of Music found,
 And gave each passion there its own expressive
 sound.

¹⁻² La riviera del sangue, in la qual bolle
 Qual che per violenza in altrui nocchia. C. xii. 47.

³ Νῆρθηκοπλήρωτον δὲ θηρῶμαι πρὸς
 Πηγὴν κλοπαίαν.—

ÆSCHYLUS, PROMETH. 109.

⁴ ESCHYLUS, DANTE, LEE and COLLINS.

⁵ LEE'S ALEXANDER THE GREAT, or the RIVAL
 QUEENS, is here alluded to, not as the best, but as the
 wildest and most characteristical of his dramas.

XXII.

Beneath the boughs of that accursed tree,
 Whose trunk gave birth to such a dismal tide,
 Sat DANTE down, from dread or horror free,
 And ÆSCHYLUS contented, him beside,
 While each the other's face with pleasure ey'd :
 Below the GREEK the sons of BRITISH fame;
 But LEE to COLLINS left the better side,
 Submitting thus to Fancy's clearer claim,
 Whom thus arrang'd we past, and reach'd the flood of
 flame.

XXIII.

And there a bridge of ice, as smooth as glass,
 Unmelted still, o'erhung the hot profound;
 A bridge that few had ever tried to pass,
 And fewer still had scatheless passage found,
 For most were in the fiery current drown'd —
 No friendly ledge on either side did stand,
 And arch'd and narrow was the slipp'ry mound;
 But here my Guide indulgent seiz'd my hand,
 Across the peril bore, and plac'd me safe on land.

XXIV.

There up to Heav'n a mass of rock was pil'd,
 Which seem'd to mingle with the midnight sky;

▪ High on some cliff, to heav'n up-pil'd,
 Of rude access, of prospect wild—

• • • • •
 While on its rich, ambitious head,
 An Eden, like its own, lies spread.

COLLINS'S ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

Of rude access it was, and prospect wild,
 And rear'd its proud ambitious head so high
 As almost left behind the aching eye—
 Deck'd was the scene with beauties all its own,
 Whose pow'rful charms each critic glance defy;
 And on its topmost height, the regal throne
 Of this romantic realm, stood AVON'S Bard alone¹.

XXV.

Alone he stood—for there was none but he
 On such a fearful precipice could stand;
 Careless he stood, from fear and danger free;
 And wav'd with ease that more than magic wand,
 Whose pond'rous weight would numb each other
 hand;
 For who like him could fairy chaplets twine,
 Could paint with living hues the airy band
 Of shapes infernal and of forms divine,
 Or dive so wond'rous deep in Fancy's golden mine?

XXVI.

Reluctant rising from their nether skies,
 A troop of grisly ghosts before him stood,²
 With iron teeth and staring stony eyes,
 Demons and fiends, and all the hellish brood

¹ SHAKESPEARE.

² On every side them stood
 The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
 Chattring their iron teeth, and staring wide
 With stonie eies; and all the hellish brood
 Of feends infernall flockt on every side.

FAIRY QUEEN, B. I. C. v. St. 32.

Which Fancy figures in her trembling mood ;
Around his head those elves and spirits flew,
Who taste on earth of Heav'n's ambrosial food,
Who suck with bees the cowslip's honey dew,
And steal, to make them coats, the rainbow's brilliant hue.

XXVII.

There on her car sat MAB the Fairy Queen,
And dreams of various hue around her flung ;
Her coachman, merry PUCK, array'd in green,
Before her on the nut-built chariot hung,
And all his knavish tricks and frolics sung.
There was the Witch's child, who ne'er unclos'd
His brutal lips but forth a curse there sprung ;
And ARIEL quaint, of other mold compos'd,
Who trode the winter wind, and in the gale repos'd.

XXVIII.

But now no longer could my rapture hold,
But forth it broke in this ecstatic strain :
At last these eyes their darling Bard behold,
For whom they here so long had look'd in vain,
The great Colossus of the tuneful train—
But tell me, why should he be thus confin'd
Within one province of thy bright domain,
Who roll'd o'er ev'ry field his boundless mind ?
Thus spoke my query bold, and thus my Guide
rejoin'd :

XXIX.

I have not thus, without sufficient cause,
On each of these my sons a home bestow'd ;

For this, whilst equal Fate's eternal laws
 Allow to ev'ry Bard but one abode,
 To shun disorder was the surest road--
 Else might the Poet, whose romantic hand
 ISMENO'S Grove in all its terrors show'd,
 And he of SYLPHS who drew the brilliant band,
 Have wander'd both at will thro' this enchanted land.

XXX.

Nor here alone, but ev'n in Satire's quire
 The cynic POPE might then have found a place,
 And honest COVERLY'S delightful sire
 Carous'd with those of Humour's jovial race.
 Then he who DIDO'S pangs so well could trace,
 In Pity's plaintive land might oft appear,
 With him who drew CLORINDA'S dying face,
 And him whose scene presents LOTHARIO'S bier,
 And ELOISA'S Bard, to all the Muses dear.

XXXI.

Your idol then would no restriction know;
 But he who wrapt in Pity's darkest pall
 His luckless LEAR had grac'd the Vault of Woe;
 And he who painted FALSTAFF'S humours all
 Were still a welcome guest in Humour's Hall;
 To Beauty's Garden he might then retire,
 Whose Moon on BELMONT'S bank asleep could fall;
 And he whose HOTSPUR breath'd heroic fire
 Might to the topmost height of Mount Sublime aspire.

* How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon yon bank!
 MERCHANT OF VENICE, Act. v. Sc. 1..

XXXII.

Nor think that Mount a station more sublime
Than this on which I have your SHAKESPEAR
 plac'd;
For should your feet again its summit climb,
You still would find its highest height disgrac'd
By this romantic rock's imperial crest;
For ev'ry line illum'd by Fancy's ray
Must still be priz'd by those of genuine taste,
Beyond the sprightly, sweet, or lofty lay,
And ev'n from Passion's page will bear the palm
 away.

XXXIII.

While thus he spoke, I sent my curious eye
To scan the Mountain, and its height to know;
But ere it back return'd to make reply,
Gone was the Pow'r to whom so much I owe,
And with him vanish'd all the splendid show—
The dim diffusion of the twilight gloom
Had veil'd fair Fancy's many-colour'd glow,
And clos'd my view within the narrow room
Of all this Vision wild the cradle and the tomb.

END OF THE PARADISE OF TASTE.

The Editors flatter themselves that their Readers, in perusing the following fugitive pieces, will approve of the choice intended to enrich the pleasures of imagination.

A FAREWEL TO THE OLD YEAR.

FAREWEL, Old Year! without regret I own
 I see thee take thy flight!—yet I would hope
 It is not in my nature to behold
 Thus unreluctant a departing friend.
 But thou hast been a hollow friend to me!
 A vile Court parasite, dress'd up in smiles,
 With cap in hand, and ready-bending knee,
 Proffring vast benefits, and holding out
 Lures of most fair advantage—yet whene'er
 (Tho' often cheated) I stept forth to seize
 Thy lib'ral offers with a court-like bow
 Thou didst assume an air of cold caprice,
 And stern indifference—as who should say,
 "I know thee not, nor aught have promis'd thee!"

Old Year, I not regret thee, tho' I know
 I am the older for thee—Youth, that bloom
 Most evanescent, since I long have lost,
 Why should I now lament? What was my youth
 But a sad series of unfruitful hopes,
 Of varied disappointments! Where was then
 The joyous glee delightful, the free smile
 By anguish unalloy'd? I knew not these;
 Of these more liberal, my advancing years
 Have, in mid autumn, play'd the part of spring,
 And given me now, tho' late, yet welcome still,
 The frolic heart, the laugh from care estrang'd,
 The vacant joyance, and the mirth sincere.
 Adorn'd with these, advancing years shall bring,
 Tho' grim with wrinkles, no regrets to me!

And yet, Old Friend, tho' thus I've chidden thee,
What cause have I to joy thus in thy loss?
True, thou'st been chequer'd strangely! thou hast
shewn

The sad vicissitudes of human life!
Some of my very happiest hours were thine,
And some of my most wretched!—Yet, alas!
Far heavier, far more num'rous, are the griefs,
Than the delights that I have owed to thee!
'Tis true, we lay our sorrows in a scale
Of weightiest lead, and poise our joyful hours
In a light ozier basket. Then we cry,
Lo! how the scale of grief preponderates!
'Tis ever thus—the blessing that's deny'd,
Far, far outshines the blessing we possess!
Let me then learn from thee, sage monitor,
Experience stern! to estimate aright
The value of the promises of Hope!
Let me weigh justly what I now enjoy,
Nor let my mind too deeply prize the things
Which Providence denies me—let me think
That that o'er-ruling Power, in whose high hand
Are all our destinies, withholds, or gives
As suits our dearest interests—not that
By which mere worldly minds are ever led,
Our earthly welfare, but that high concern,
Worthy alone of an immortal soul,
Our full eternal bliss: then, Time elapsed,
Let me from thee learn wisdom—and from thee
All wisdom may be learn'd. Thy backward page
Unravels ev'ry mystery, clears up
All doubts, all wonders; and, perus'd with care,

In his own life might each observer find
A guide to wisdom for his years to come!
Let him but mark, from that unerring book,
The faults committed—let him earnest note
The failing most predominant, and thence
Correct his future life — for, by that fault,
To which our erring nature chiefly leans,
Perhaps we gain, or lose, Eternity!—
What is a vict'ry where no foe appears?
Or what is virtue's worth, when unassail'd?
Some points we all possess, on which our hearts
Reproach us not; and we, poor erring fools!
Build, on these points, presumptuous hopes of
heaven!

What!—where no hindrance bars your onward way
Shall you receive the due reward of toil?
No—where frail nature leads you down to vice,
There bend your strength, there guard against
yourself.

One victory gained there shall win more bays
Than years of virtue, where no temptor came—
Thus speaks the voice of the departing year,
And speaks it wisely. My heart feels it does,
And may I profit by it.—But alas!
Tho' Wisdom cry aloud, and fill the street
With her resounding voice, that voice is drown'd
By Folly's louder roar. And so, tho' now,
Amid the solemn stillness of the night,
I listen to her dictates, when assail'd
By varied lures, I meet the tempter oft
Hid in a thousand shapes. Shall I reflect
On the cool reas'nings that convince me now!

Be this thy work, thou fast-expiring year!
Let me owe this to thee—and tho' thou hast
With cruelty wreck'd many a fairy hope,
And many a golden vision quite destroy'd,
Yet will I call thee *Benefactor*, *Friend*,
And wish the coming year may prove as good—
Farewel, in friendship, then! fulfil this hope,
Give me to call to mind, when most in need,
Thy parting counsels, and I will forget
How scurvily thou'st used me; nor repeat
How in thy infancy with smiles thou can'st,
And woo'd me to be happy—how thy hand
Plac'd in my view the cup of sweet delight,
And sprinkled on my lips precursive drops,
A foretaste of the precious draught design'd me:
But, when I saw the sparkling liquor rise
High to the brim, and stretch'd my eager hand
To grasp the sacred vase, thine alter'd brow
(Advanc'd to thy mid-age) now frown'd upon me,
And sudden from my view the cup was gone!
But be all this forgotten!—Fare thee well!
And welcome thou, whom now the merry bells
Receive with joyous dissonance!—Alas!
What cause has man thus to proclaim his joy
That a new year begins!—How many woes,
Unthought of yet, shall he, before its close
Lament with bitter tears!—how many joys,
Now quick advancing to their utmost height,
Shall Fate's keenscythe destroy!—how many friends,
Now firmly knit in union's sacred bands,
Shall discord sever—or perhaps (less sharp
Than her envenom'd tooth) the stroke of Death!—

What vast events, yet in the womb of Fate,
Lie hid, unknown to all!—events so great
As may appal the world! The times are big
With wondrous circumstances, and Heaven knows
Their issue is most dubious!—Yet, at birth
Of a new year, unthinking man exults,
And bids the pealing bells sound jubilant!

Rejoice, all ye who view the last year close
Without remorse of soul!—who cannot find
On memory's clear page, or blot, or stain
Of hideous magnitude!—who have not now
To mourn some dear connection lost for ever!
Rejoice that what is past hath been so good—
Hope for the future; but « hope humbly » still.
Hope, in this chequered, in this motley world,
Must still be dash'd with fear! Hope unalloy'd,
Is not for mortals—'twould perhaps exceed
E'en full fruition! For th' excursive mind,
When dwelling on some full-conceiv'd delight,
Surpasses modest nature : raptures strong,
High-strained emotions, transports all divine,
Creative Fancy paints with rapid hand,
And sober Truth must fail to realize
Her ardent flights. And oh! remember still,
Amid your gaiety—remember those
To whom the opening year can bring no joy!
Who only see before their weeping eyes
A train of miseries!—whom Sorrow calls
Her children, whom keen Penury assails,
And in this bitter season, who, in vain,
Toil for the poor necessities of life!—
Think ye of those who know not where to seek

Their daily bread! whose shivering limbs are bare
Of needful raiment! who have no bed to rest
Their aching heads!—Oh! think indeed of those,
And from your superfluities, ye rich,
Spare them a trifle!—Then, indeed, the year
Shall be a happy one to them—To you,
So well begun, then may the merry bells
Announce its birth with gratulations gay;
And ev'ry future action may imbibe
Sweet odour from your first benevolence!

But, chief, let us resolve, the coming year
Shall see no foolish remnants of the past.
'Tis yet a blank—unwritten on—consign'd
To thee—to me—to all and every one,
To fill at our discretion; but the marks
That there we leave, tho' here no stain is seen,
Are graven deep in Heav'n's eternal Page!
Let us be sure we need not blush to see them,
For we shall see them—see them once again
On that tremendous day, when, all appall'd,
Our hearts shall, from that dreadful record, glean
Our sure eternal sentence!—Many years
We none of us can hope, nor any one
Depend upon the end of this! Alas!—
And shall not this reflection rouse our souls
To manly energy! That, on this *Now*!
This very *Now*! eternal welfare hangs!—
Have we till now neglected it!—Then now
Arouse we to the task! This new-born year
Comes to redeem its elders who are dead.
Let it not come in vain!—Nor, like the past,
Bear on its wings the record of our sins.

FOUR SONNETS.

SONNET I.

DAWN.

Now fades from view the modest Queen of night,
 Just as the redd'ning east, with glimm'ring ray,
 Points out the first approach of welcome day,
 And tinges Ether with a doubtful light—
 The op'ning dawn each moment grows more bright,
 O'er ev'ry object gleams of radiance play,
 'Till the sun rises, and the landscape gay
 With sparkling waters bursts upon the sight.
 So, on the distant future's faintest verge,
 The mind a speck of promis'd bliss descries;
 Awhile, upborne on fancy's flatt'ring surge,
 The doubtful prospect mocks the straining eyes,
 'Till truth shall from the lap of doubt emerge,
 And strong conviction in full splendour rise.

SONNET II.

MORNING.

BRIGHT rose the morn and beautiful the sun
 With fairy splendour all the landscape crown'd—
 His strongest beams illum'd the nearer ground,
 And o'er the distant hills more faintly shone!

Bur ah! too soon those transient rays are gone!
The sullen gale sends forth a hollow sound,
Low'r the black clouds, surcharg'd with rain
around,
And veil Aurora in their mantle dun!—
And, like the early morning, I awoke,
With ev'ry pleasure glitt'ring in my view;
The sun of hope o'er the fair prospect broke,
And di'mond-tipp'd each blossom wet with dew,
Till by a sudden unexpected stroke
Faded the brilliant scene, and prov'd my hopes
untrue.

SONNET III.

EVENING.

MARK, how the cloudless West effulgent glows
With the mild lustre of departing day—
The broaden'd sun shoots forth a ling'ring ray,
And o'er the scene a trembling radiance throws;
But the bright ev'ning hastens to a close,
Light shadowy vapours soft o'er Ether play,
The splendid eye of Heav'n sinks fast away,
«And leaves the world to darkness» and repose!—
So tranquil, yet so awful is the scene
Where Virtue's fav'rite son resigns his breath—
Calm is his countenance, his smile serene,
And no distracting terrors lurk beneath,
Nor dares one anxious passion intervene
To shade the temper'd glories of his death.

SONNET IV.

MOONLIGHT.

'TIS awful midnight!—From yon mountain's brow
Let me survey this wide-extended scene,
And mark the pale moon, as she flings serene
Her trembling radiance o'er the world below!
And as her beams o'er the soft landscape flow,
In solemn harmony it seems to sleep,
While thro' the wood-tops dying breezes creep,
Like some aërial spirit, murm'ring low!—
Thus when the mind in retrospect surveys
Events that memory alone can give,
Dwells on the images of long-lost days,
And bids, anew, each past impression live,
Calm is the view, each harsher feature fled,
Like this dim scene beneath pale moonlight
spread.

THE HERMIT.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove,
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a Hermit began;
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a Sage, though he felt as a Man.

“ Ah! why, all abandon’d to darkness and woe,
“ Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall!
“ For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
“ And Sorrow no longer thy bosom inthrall.
“ But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
“ Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to
“ mourn;

“ Oh! soothe him whose pleasures like thine pass
“ away!

“ Full quickly they pass — but they never return.
“ Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
“ The Moon halfextinguish’d her crescent displays:
“ But lately I mark’d when majestic on high
“ She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
“ Roll on, thou fair Orb, and with gladness pursue
“ The path that conducts thee to splendour again!
“ But Man’s faded glory what change shall renew!
“ Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

“ ’Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
“ I mourn; but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
“ For morn is approaching your charms to restore,
“ Perfum’d with fresh fragrance, and glitt’ring with
“ dew:

“ Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
“ Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save.
“ But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn!
“ Oh when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!”
‘ ’Twas thus, by the glare of false Science betray’d,
‘ That leads, to bewilder, and dazzles, to blind,
‘ My thoughts wont to roam from shade onward to
‘ shade,

‘ Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.

« Oh pity, great Father of light, » then I cry'd,
 « Thy creature who fain would not wander from
 « Thee!
 « Lo! humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
 « From doubt and from darkness thou only canst
 « free.»
 ‘ And darkness and doubt are now flying away.
 ‘ No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
 ‘ So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
 ‘ The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
 ‘ See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descen-
 ‘ ding,
 ‘ And Nature all glowing in Eden’s first bloom!
 ‘ On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are
 ‘ blending,
 ‘ And Beauty Immortal awakes from the tomb.’

BEATTIE.

THE COPERNICAN SYSTEM.

THE sun revolving on his axis turns,
 And with creative fire intensely burns;
 Impell’d the forcive air, our earth supreme,
 Rolls with the planets round the solar gleam.
 First Mercury completes his transient year,
 Glowing, refulgent, with reflected glare;
 Bright Venus occupies a wider way,
 The early harbinger of night and day;
 More distant still our globe terraqueous turns,
 Nor chills intense, nor fiercely heated burns;

Around her rolls the lunar orb of light,
Trailing her silver glories thro' the night:
On the earth's orbit see the various signs,
Mark where the sun, our year completing, shines:
First the bright Ram his languid ray improves;
Next, glaring wat'ry, thro' the Bull he moves:
The am'rous Twins admit his genial ray;
Now, burning, thro' the Crab he takes his way;
The Lion, flaming, bears the solar power;
The Virgin faints beneath the sultry shower.

Now the just Balance weighs his equal force,
The slimy Serpent swelters in his course;
The sabled Archer clouds his languid face;
The Goat with tempests urges on his race;
Now in the water his faint beams appear,
And the cold Fishes end the circling year.
Beyond our globe the sanguine Mars displays
A strong reflection of primeval rays;
Next belted Jupiter far distant gleams,
Scarcely enlighten'd with the solar beams;
With four unfix'd receptacles of light,
He tow'rs majestic thro' the spacious height:
But farther yet the tardy Saturn lags,
And five attendant luminaries drags;
Investing with a double ring his pace,
He circles thro' immensity of space.

These are thy wond'rous works, First Source of
Good!

Now more admir'd in being understood.

CHATTERTON.

JULIA,
OR
THE VICTIM OF LOVE;
A PASTORAL BALLAD.

SHE is dead, who gave life to the groves,
And covers our valley with gloom!

She who led all the Pleasures and Loves,
Now joins the pale band of the Tomb.

She whose beauty commanded the heart,
So prais'd, so ador'd, so desir'd;

Sunk, the innocent victim of art,
And the passion her beauty inspir'd.

Yet silent was she on the Swain
Whose cruelty doom'd her to mourn;

In secret her soul would complain,
In secret her anguish would burn.

Tho' faint was the blush on her cheek,
And deep in her bosom the thorn;
A smile 'midst her sorrows would break,
Like a ray through the clouds of the morn.

She would sit near yon willow and sigh,
And pant in the shade of the trees:

« Sweet ZEPHYR, bring health, » she would cry;
But HEALTH never came with the breeze.

And oft she would drink of the brook,
But HEALTH never came with the rill;
Then around on the heights she would look,
But HEALTH never came to the hill.

On her Dog she look'd down with a tear,
And sigh'd, as she patted his head.

“Poor FIDELLE! thou wilt suffer, I fear,
» When thy Mistress, who loves thee, is dead.

» *Thou* hast ever been constant and kind;

» *My* fondness ne'er met with a *slight*:

» In *thee* a firm friendship I find;

» How unhappy when out of my sight!

» When with speed I could travel the plain,

» With thy Mistress to sport was thy pride;

» And now I am weak and in pain,

» Thou art heartless and dull by my side.

» When I'm gone, thou, poor fellow, wilt pine,

» And seek me, uneasy, around;

» Beseeching the swains, with a whine,

» To tell where thy Friend may be found.

» Shouldst thou find my cold dwelling at last,

» Near my sod thou wilt mope the long day:

» Nor the night, nor the rain, nor the blast,

» Nay, nor hunger will force thee away.»

Thus she spoke to her Fav'rite, whose eye

Was fix'd upon those of the MAID:

Then he lick'd her fond hand at her sigh,

As if conscious of all she had said!

Sweet Nymph! what a sudden decay!
Now her limbs she could scarcely sustain;
Now her head would sink feebly away,
Like the lily press'd down by the rain.

At length on her pillow she fell;
In silence we watch'd her last breath:
When she bade us for ever farewell,
How divine! tho' the whisper of Death.

No struggle in dying she knew:
Life pass'd with such sweetness away!
So calm from the world she withdrew,
Her last sigh seem'd the zephyr of May.

Beneath a *plain* stone she is laid,
For needless of *praise* is the Tale;
Since the virtues that shone in the MAID
May be seen in the tears of the VALE.

PETER PINDAR.

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